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**TIGHTWIRE**







THE NEW TIGHTWIRE  
July - August, 1976  
Volume II - Edition III

The TIGHTWIRE is a publication printed every second month, presented by the inmates of the Prison for Women, Kingston, Ontario. We wish to dissolve the barriers of physical imprisonment by sharing our attempts to free ourselves from the mental bondages that engulf us. Our printed words are meant to educate, not alienate you. They are the expressed thoughts, feelings, ideas and attitudes which issue forth from the brains of the writer. These are her/his sole possessions and wings toward freedom. Therefore, the contents herein do not necessarily reflect the views of the administration. We welcome advice or criticism from you, the reader, and will be happy to print your articles or letters. Materials presented in the TIGHTWIRE may be reprinted providing credit is given to the original author.

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Nancy Ward-Armour

April Gordon

Sally Lenson - Guest Artist

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TIGHTWIRE NEEDS YOUR CONTRIBUTIONS!

Poetry\*\*\*Fiction\*\*\*Sports\*\*\*Features

Please make sure your works are original  
or the author and publication noted.



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Dear Tightwire,

I just received one of your Tightwire magazines, the December issue of last year. I was very surprised to see and read something from a woman's point of view, and really like it. Anyway, I am at San Quentin State Prison, Calif. and would like to correspond with any woman who like to correspond with a lonely man. My name is Ronald Lee Fletcher, B-71296, Age (25) years. I am 6'0" Brown eyes, Brown hair 180 lbs built well. I would send a picture but, I am lock down. Thank you for your time, and hope to hear a reply.

May God be with you always, Luck Sisters

Yours truly,

Ronald L. Fletcher

Dear Tightwire,

Tightwire is the finest prison magazine I have read. It is witty, philosophical, socially concerned and, at times, strangely beautiful.

I am fortunate to know some of the women who contribute to it. Knowing them and reading their magazine gives me a very strong and three-dimensional picture of life on the inside. Reading Tightwire is worth a dozen sociology books on contemporary society. A pleasure and a privilege and an urgent look at my conscience and others I know on the street.

Thanks

Peace,

Gail Fox

Dear Tightwire,

I read of your publication in the July-August issue of THE OTHER WOMAN. Could you please send six issues to each of the three people below? I have enclosed a cheque for \$9.00.

Thank you, good luck

Bill Deacon

People

I am a prisoner and would appreciate a free subscription to your pub. Also 3 other copies for friends. Thanks

Kassima  
Box 25  
Lorton, VA  
22079



"FAREWELL...TA TA...BYE-BYE...AND ECT.!"

The only time I like "Goodbyes" is when it's me doing the talking.

For those who know how long winded I can be, there are bets I won't get out the door til my mandatory is up. So I figured I had best do it this way. I only hope I won't be back to read it as it comes off the press. The recidivism rate on Mandatory being what it is.....I can only speculate and hope to elude the suspicious eyes of Canada's Finest for the necessary year.

My only worry is this paper. As most know I have enjoyed working on Tightwire my entire bit.

I turn it over to the capable hands of Denise Frederika Martin and Carolyn Moore. It is a first effort for them and they will need your support and creative endeavors to keep it going.

No two people think alike. Therefore, no two Editors write alike. It takes a while to iron out wrinkles and get used to putting a paper together. The one thing needed is support of fellow inmates.

Frederika has been a contributor for the past two editions and is working hard to enable this paper to continue. It is no easy task as no one can please everyone.

Carolyn Moore has worked at putting the paper together in the last few weeks and I am confident she will do a fine job.

I wish them both the best of luck and hope they enjoy the work as I have.

Contributions are needed. Drop your poetry, prose or articles off to either of them. You don't need to be a genius to write. Writing is but an extension of your thoughts; if you can carry on a conversation you can write!

My thanks to the Editors of the other prison mags for their exchange articles.....please continue this effort. I will miss this paper, my friends and our many subscribers. I will not miss this place, its charming decor, nor its palatable cuisine....

I have no witty or wise words of wisdom to leave you with. I hope by the time you are all reading this I am smashed out of my skull and successfully obliterating the memory of these last few years. I wish you could be here with me.....but I promise I will attempt to have a drink for each of you.

From an off-balanced Libra who can be found tripping over her Scorpion cusp.....

Farewell!

Nancy Ward-Armour,  
Editor



## NEW BRIEFS

(1) The Canada Manpower Office appears to be highly discriminatory towards excons as well as acting as the moral conscience of the public!!!

An inmate was refused retraining in a course designed to prepare one to work in a licensed drinking place. The representative at P4W explained it was due to a conviction for narcotics.

The representative implied that Manpower believes it is in her best interest. Manpower, it seems, is afraid the girl may come in contact with drugs while working in a bar.

This writer feels Manpower should quit trying to be a social worker or parole officer and come face to face with reality.

If a person wishes to obtain drugs in a bar they can walk in off the street as well as if they worked there. Or, would Manpower like the right to refuse ex-inmates from entering a public place?

(2) Viki has moved the library to the back of the school area. It looks like a real library now she proudly states. With the new shelving and display cases, it is something to be proud of. This is one area of the old jail that has really improved. It is a pleasure to just browse around.

(3) Shirley Pilon, starting pitcher for the Angels, has been knocked out of commission by a badly sprained ankle. There seems to be something about second base that attracts Shirley. She can always be found sliding into second or lying on top of it. What a sympathy pitch, Shirl! This

writer feels she just is hoping they will come up with an "injured players in the field of duty" award.

(4) The summer courses that were introduced to the school this year were highly informative and quite interesting. Possibly these programs could work into more than just six weeks in the summer. However, inmates need to participate more. It seems the same women were enrolled in all the courses. I have found the courses not only help the time fly by, but keeps the mind from vegetating. The human mind is like any other part of the body...it gets flabby without exercise.

(5) A new inmate committee has been voted in. This years elections brings all new comers to the elected offices. Committee Chairperson is Pat Mallott. B Range Rep. is Marie Genereaux who has been here awhile but, this is her first time on committee. A Range Rep. is Sandy Whittit (MacDonnel) who has served in the Fort; runner-up is Sandy Wright. South Wing is represented by Mary-Ann Fergusson and the North Wing by Sally Lensen also experienced on committee in the Fort. Sports representatives are Shirley Pilon for the Ranges and Jo-Ann Horner for the Wings. Marlene Andres was elected by the Native Sisterhood to represent them. Tightwire would like to welcome the committee and wish them success during their term in office.

(6) As of this writing, Bill C-83 has yet to be passed in parliament. That piece of legislation contains the inmates right to refuse mandatory supervision. This is scheduled to appear before parliament in late fall. Watch the news around October and see if the new solicitor general, Francis Fox, gets it through. "Francis Who"??????????????



## SUPER MAXIMUM....A MODERN DAY SKINNER-BOX

As a student at University I was amazed how operant conditioning could bend and weaken living creatures until they did man's will. These experiments can be carried out on humans to the same end.

Pavlov's dog was restrained in an upright position, starved of food and deprived of any noise or living contact. The dog would hear a bell ring and at the same time food was placed just beyond the poor creature's reach. Amazingly he started to salivate after a few weeks when the bell rang without the food.

B. F. Skinner kept his infant daughter in a glass cage until her fifth year.....to shape her into a normal and balanced human being. This can be studied in one of his books BEYOND FREEDOM AND DIGNITY. The "Skinner Box" is known to all people who have studied psychology.

Harlow took infant Rhesus monkeys from their mothers and kept them in total isolation. Some were given an artificial wire mother equipped with nursing apparatus. Those more fortunate were given cloth surrogate mothers. The ones with the wire mothers die the quickest. Most never make it past four months with either imitation.

The experiment in isolation is to study the degree of despair and depression brought about by complete isolation. The purpose of the experiment is to induce "psychopathology".

In later experiments, Dr. Skinner found it was more expedient to perform a brain damaging operation on the monkeys. The resultant behavior is the same only quicker.

Next, he performs an operation that removes the "prefrontal area" of the brain and voila....his monkey is again considered social.

Inmates confronted with the new lengthy prison sentences of 15 to 25 years will doubtless be affected by the trauma of long periods of confinement.

Sentencing has tripled in the last twenty years for most crimes. This latest induction is a setback to modern penology. I have not read one report by leading psychologists who do not fear that this will result in more violent people being spewed out of our large maximum prisons.

To be "modern" these prisons, such as Millhaven, may be unwittingly creating giant Skinner boxes without even the support of a cloth surrogate mother for comfort.

Modern technology, whereby people are monitored by listening devices, removes the human touch. Even if the inmate does not like the guard, the guard is still human contact.

Penology, in trying to become modern, may have placed itself even further back in the dark ages.

"Man cannot exist by bread alone" is a phrase which applies all too well in the isolation units in modern prisons. Many of those inmates involved in hostage taking incidents have been the subject of extremely lengthy terms of confinement in isolation.

Let us hope Dr. Skinner's corrective surgery is not what will be the resultant answer after years of confinement.

The only alternative is to do away



with these gigantic Skinner boxes and build prisons with a more normal social environment. The main confinement should be in the outside perimeters. This could be done by sophisticated surveillance equipment. The inner confines should be as close to a normal village environment as possible.

An inmate after only two years of confinement forgets a lot about routine "outside" life. After ten to fifteen years it will take many months to even get the basics down pat. To play in any ballpark you must know the ground rules. People are released every day without these and close to 80% return.

The human mind is still quite a mystery to man. To subject it to such deprivation invites a new breed of Jeckyl and Hyde.

It is the ordinary citizens as well as the police and jail guards who will have to contend with the problem. The inmate, if he/she is even aware of the problem, has no voice. It is the duty of the taxpayer to investigate his government's actions. If you do not speak up, we become your future problem.

N.W.A.

#### MANPOWER RETRAINING AT P4W

Mr. Allan Nichol, who most inmates knew as the Canada Manpower representative inside the Prison, will no longer be coming in. Mr. Dan Hawes of the John Howard Society is to be his replacement.

It is the view of this inmate that there is to be no change in policy with the new representative.

I attended his introductory talk

with several other women. Mr. Dawes handed us a list of courses that could be taken through Manpower retraining.

Of the fifteen or so courses offered, four on the list can be taken through the Kingston district.

Manpower will pay for a one year course. They will not pay for one year of a two year course, so if you are interested in training beyond that, look up other channels such as student loans, etc.

One girl wished to apply for the bartending course. She was refused because she has a drug conviction. (Most junkies don't drink!)

The same girl then applied for training as a clerk typist. She was again refused as she can type. She cannot type well enough to obtain employment however.

It is the opinion of this writer that the P4W is receiving only tokenism from the agents and offices of Canada Manpower.

The staff of Tightwire believes our interests can be best represented through an agent from a women's after care agency such as E. Fry.

The editorial committee believes we need more women representing these posts as they may be better equipped to identify with a woman's needs in career planning.

Women with children can not pack up and relocate as easy as single men or single women.

Courses such as up-grading, macramae or basket-weaving will do little for a women with dependents.

It is the opinion of this writer that Canada Manpower should do a little up-grading in retraining programs for female excons.



Are the Welfare and Mother's Allowance roles not full enough????

If the representative for the P4W is getting only tokenism for his charges here from Canada Manpower then I believe that a greater injustice is being done by partial representation than none at all.

N.W.A.

#### WHAT BECAME OF THE VANTOUR REPORT

"The segregation unit at the P4W is inferior to those of the male institutions" Vancouver Psychologist J. Vantour reported.

This study, as with many others, appears to have been filed under G for garbage.

The report went on to say that there are no programs in the segregation unit. The whole routine consists of complete lock-up. The women can demand a half hour yard exercise per day. Few take advantage of this. They eat, sleep, read and bathe. That is the extent of segregation.

As the segregation unit was initially for punishment there were no programs formed for the unit. However, those who are placed in segregation due to psychiatric or protective reasons are indeed being punished.

This prison has neither the staff nor the facilities to offer anything more to these unfortunate women.

The federal government chooses to take the stand that the future of the prison is uncertain.

It is so uncertain that they remodeled a whole new kitchen, are installing a new modern

laundry and making repairs and adjustments in most departments.

The federal government can't be planning to close these doors for some time.

Segregation should get some needed attention. A few months ago the Solicitor General promised the Inmate Committee an answer, in writing, to these problems. We are still waiting for his reply.

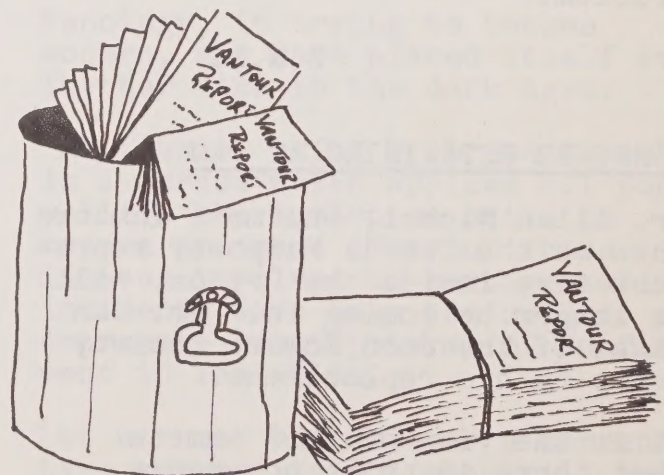
What of psychiatric care? It is a known fact we have no unit for women.

Our reply to the request for women to be sent out has unofficially been that there is no room in the budget for this.

I reply that this is a bullshit excuse and no sane person would believe that in this day and age. Of course, P4W is still struggling to get out of the dark ages.

(Editor's note: Two federal women have been sent to private hospitals, but others still remain)

Editor, N.W.A., Tightwire





THE FURTHER ADVENTURES OF PATTY PEEK AND  
THE ALL-NIGHT PEEK FREAKS

by N.W.A.

When we last left Patty Peek, she had finally found her way back inside the twenty four hour peek-n-freak service centre and was getting off on the lights and sound.

The radio interrupts with a news flash..."the mystical magical wizard is trying to set a new Guinness Record by sitting on top of a watertower in Nowhereville"....Patty runs out the front door of the twenty four hour Peek-N-Freak service centre and jumps a cab.

"Where to Miss?" "The Nowhereville water tower." says Patty. "You're too late, they are taking the weird dude down." "You mean he won't make the Guinness Book of Records?" wailed Patty. "He made the Happiness Haven," muttered the cabby. "Bummer," thought Patty.

"To the office," directed Patty. The cloud of smoke hit her at the back door and she followed the blue trail to a table containing many familiar bodies. "High Patty....where have you been?" Up...really up," she gasped and melted into a chair. "Time to cool out and level off," said King Scorpio with a cement set grin that matched his foot. "What happened to your foot?" queried Patty, taking a super charge from the Scorpio King. "I laid a trap for Nicky out in back of Tanglewood Tunnels. The old, wet cement trick but, I dropped my roach clip in it and tried to dig it out with my foot. It was quick-drying cement I think. Anyhow, I chipped my foot out, climbed

in the speed-mobile and couldn't get my foot off the gas pedal til I hit the back wall of the office. I hit a garbage can out back of Tanglewood Tunnels and it landed bottoms-up in the cement. I guess I blew the trap." "I bet you didn't," smiled Patty.

"High Gary," said Patty to a beard that seemed to be growing out of a corner chair between puffs of smoke. "How long you been here?" "About a year," said the beard. "Don't you remember saying: 'Wait here, I'll be back in an hour'?" "Oh wow, I forgot, man," said Patty. "You're a Godmother," said the beard and handed her a cigar-sized joint. "Far-out," said Patty. "Does that mean I get to stuff batten in my mouth and talk funny?"

"Hey, man this stuff is super. "I'm sure glad I came down; how long have been up anyway?" said the voice floating around the room on a blue cloud. "Oh, about a year," said the beard. "Hey, let's all go to Madness Manor and toke up Caroline," said Patty. "She took a trip across the pond and got lost in a mysterious fog," said King Scorpio. "Bummer," said a chorus of voices around the old office.

"Hell, let's just go to Madness Manor and start all over again," said Patty, clutching a party-pac of loaded bats. "Where will we put Peter P.?" announced the Magical Mystical Wizard, who appeared at the back of the room, safe once again from the clutches of Happiness Haven.

"Right up front on my shoulder," quipped Patty, "he's part of the ride!"

- The Beginning -

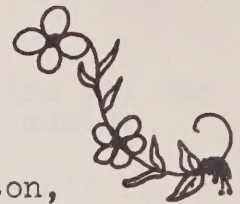
Editor's Note: The Further Adventures of Patty Peek can be brought vividly to life with a little help from your friends.

Luv Patty P.



THOSE WHO HAVE TROUBLE COMMUNICATING WHEN FACED  
WITH OVERWHELMING AUTHORITY.....

by W.F. Hutton,  
Joyceville Institution



The board consisted of three chiefs of the Six Nations, the Commissioner of Police from Vancouver, Halifax and Montreal, the President of The Ladies' Guild of the United Churches of America and her two vice-presidents and three representatives from Industry: Mrs. Alsop-Turner, head marketing agent for Amkex Corporation; Miss North, Design and Creative Arts Department of Wilder Publications and Mr. Wilbur Cory, manager of The Weavers' Complex at Niagara on the Lake. The board met regularly once a month and had been doing so for the last two years. It was a Royal Commissioner's Advisory Board on design of a new women's hostelry for Canada.

Miss Hacken was very nervous about appearing before the Board. She had worked very hard on her design in her off hours from working in the institutional laundry. Every day, for the last three months, whenever one of the girls had asked her whether she was coming out to the yard or to the gym she insisted that she must work on her design for The New Place. It was a holy obligation. She had feared that she might be thought to be anti-social, but when the other girls found out what the project was they treated her like a saint praying for the sins of Mankind. No one else had really thought the answer could honestly be more complicated than "Burn the place down!" So there was a sort of anti-social feeling that anyone would actually be nervy enough to design a better place. It wasn't exactly a Home and Gardens project. But, she had friends who spoke to her quietly about her project to make sure she wasn't going bonkers and also to see if there was anything positive to report. They left with tears in

their eyes and a look of intense respect. Miss Hacken wasn't a big talker, but she was a masterful communicator on the drawing board. This was exactly what bothered her about appearing before the Advisory Board. Her designs were clear. What could words do to further, except to muddy them?

When the panel called her in, Miss Hacken felt like a little bird in search of a nest. The twelve pairs of eyes fixed on her every motion, as if to divine what species she was. She tried to move gracefully as she drew, very mindful that no erasures were possible.

She decided to look directly at one member of the panel. She picked one of the chiefs of the Six Nations because she found his face interesting. He was old and her eyes explored the story of his character in the many lines of his countenance. She decided she liked the design and when she finally reached the eyes she found a delightful twinkle in them which set her at ease almost immediately. He was another one who could speak in designs rather than having to use words. She checked over the rest of the Board from the same point of view while they were rustling their papers and settling down in their chairs. It looked like it was going to be a trial of some sort. She concluded from her survey that the jury was evenly divided. Six pairs of eyes enjoyed patterns more than words and six pair of eyes enjoyed words more than patterns. She felt that her designs for The New Place would be found acceptable by the ones who used their eyes to see with, but she was at a loss about what to do to convince those who used their logics to see with.

Mrs. Alsop-Turner was Acting Chair Person and she was a lady of excellent



words. After all, this was her business as a marketing agent. She tried to think hurriedly about what she knew on economics and the philosophy of business, but what she came up with was rather puerile nonsense about square deals and satisfied customers. She was quite certain that she would be a satisfied customer when she left, but she wasn't sure at all that she would be a successful sales person. It would be a smooth ride in Mrs. Alsop-Turner's hands, but if she wasn't buying anything she would be parked in a nice residential area as the discussion progressed rather than being given a seat on the stock exchange.

So it was. Mrs. Alsop-Turner looked up from her designs with a hundred dollar smile on her face. She spoke sweetly.

"Now dear, how are you this morning?"

She must have made the required politesse reply but she had the distinct impression that all she had said was, "Beep, beep." She felt like an injured bird being examined by a silky veterinarian. A silky veterinarian with tender, reassuring hands very subtly feeling for any broken bones in the process.

"We find your designs very imaginative, dear," Mrs. Alsop-Turner said, her smile brightening to at least 200 watts. "But we are wondering if you have thought about the rise in prices? I note your estimates on material costs are somewhat dated!" The chairperson looked at the other members of the panel with her Information Please stare and the Commissioner from Halifax cleared his throat. Mr. Wilbur Cory of the Weavers' Complex came to her aid.

"Indeed!" he intoned, "this design is most attractive, but as

you say, rising costs make it a risky proposition!" His eyes rested weavily on Miss Hacken. "You know, of course, that government appropriations being as they are; it is necessary to provide a sufficient margin for fluxes?" He didn't see too much encouragement in Miss Hacken's eyes since of course he wasn't interested in deeper fabrications and Miss Hacken had gone rather blank on her mind stage and wasn't weaving anything readable, so he finished his remarks in Mrs. Alsop-Turner's direction.

"Exactly!" that worthy lady said, beginning the joyous laughter of discovery routine. The laughter rippled down the table and around Miss Hacken, but she didn't see the joke so, she didn't laugh and she was suddenly an obstruction to justice.

The vice president of the Ladies' Guild of the United Churches of America from Winnipeg saw the opening. She was rather brittle. "My dear, Miss Hacken!" she said. "I do wish to express to you our gratitude that one of the girls of this institution should take such an interest in our business as to make such a fine contribution! Surely it is a very difficult feat for a young lady to attempt?" It was a question.

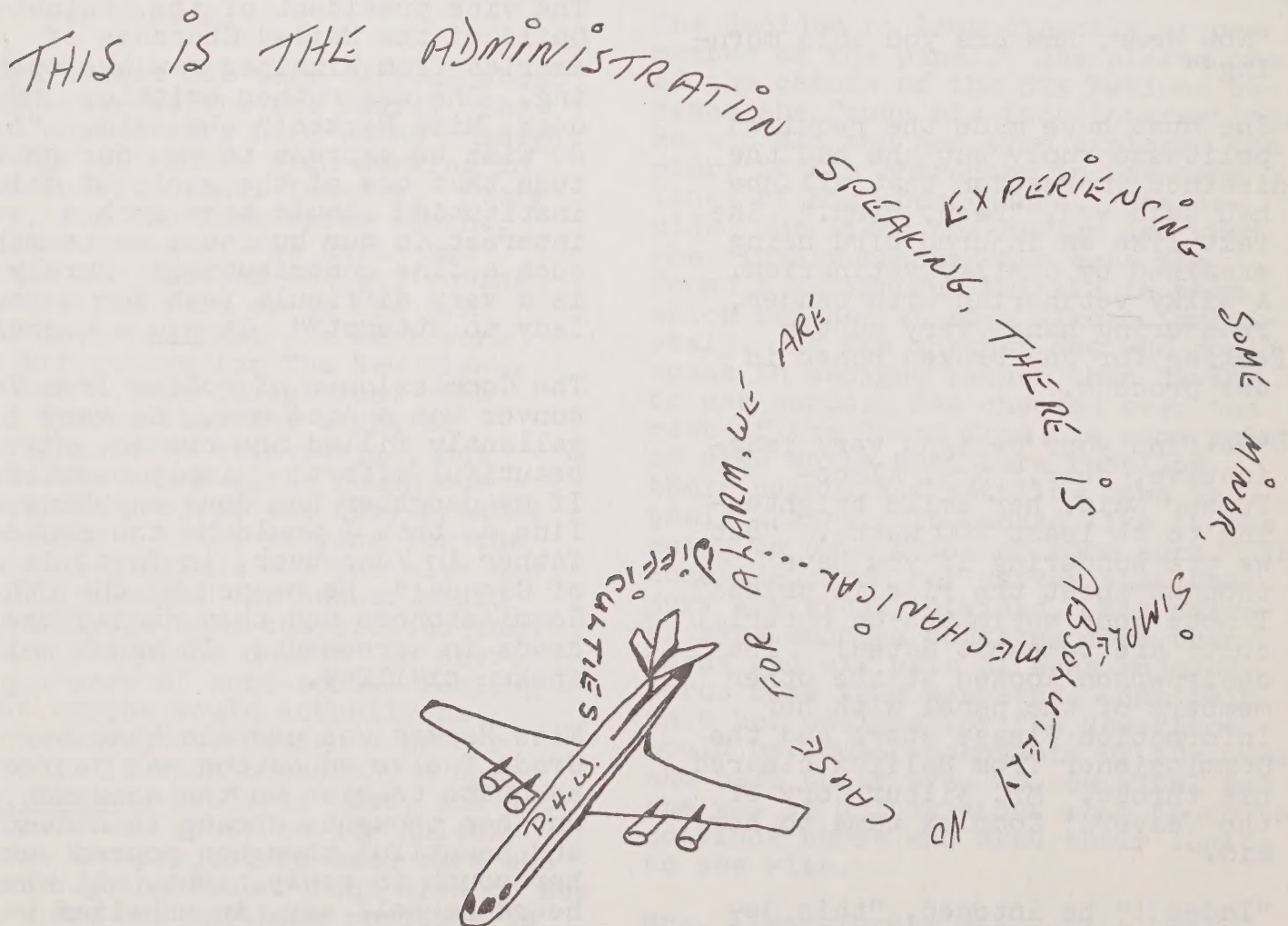
The Commissioner of Police from Vancouver was a nice man. He very gallantly filled the breach. "A beautiful effort! Simply beautiful! If my daughter had done anything so fine as this I would be the proudest father in Vancouver, in fact, in all of Canada!" He beamed at the other Commissioners and they nodded their heads in agreement. It was a well-spoken civility.

Miss Hacken was certain that her Grade Twelve education was perfectly adequate to rise to the occasion, and her thoughts sprang to attention and beautiful thoughts poured out of her mouth in reply. But, all she heard herself say, in unbelief was, "Thank you so much!"



"Well then," Mrs. Alsop-Turner said sweetly. "That is delightful!" She looked at Miss Hacken with great approval. "It has been simply marvelous meeting with you my dear, and may I express our encouragement towards you and anyone else attempting such a difficult task in the future!"

Miss Hacken got up and the President of the Ladies' Guild smiled encouragement in her direction as she displayed the best of deport- and thanked all the members of the panel. They shook her hand warmly. As she went out the door, she heard Mrs. Alsop-Turner speaking to the panel about how there was a letter from the Minister on tenders to architects.





## WHITE HORSE

by Caro Walters

The white horse, a vision of extreme purity, filled the eyes of the young one. With wings folded, eyes closed, its supreme strength lay dormant, unassuming, hidden from the naivety of the one who was preparing for the equestrian experience.

The horse was predicted to have the possibilities to surpass any previous sensations; the anticipation caused waives of pleasure-pain to oust the fears that had previously plagued the youth, and he moved nearer to the beautiful beast.

He smelled its realness.....

Touched its softness.....

And awoke in it a glint which promised of fantasies fulfilled.

Finally, he took it in his arms and let its beastly warmth enfold his consciousness.

The white horse stirred, aroused now, opened its wings and leapt, with the young one clinging, high into the air. Rushing, flashing, horse and rider swept magnificently out, beyond the realms of expectancy and the two, now one, floated free. Pleasant warmth surged through the body of the young rider and his perceptions became clearer as the air became rarer.

Hallucinations; dreams filled his mind. Concepts of meteorites like barbs in his flesh stung distantly, and fields of red blooms swayed crazily behind his eyes.

Panic began to rise.....but unheedingly he dug his heels in the horses flanks and urged it.....

"Higher, higher, white horse, take me higher"

The horse, responding to the urgency of its rider's pleas threw back its great head and rose, soaring towards the pinnacle, wishing only to impart the ultimate pleasures.

The rider thrashing, vibrating in the agony of such supreme ecstasy cried out.....

"I can take no more, I can go no higher....."

The white horse turned its head and eyed the boy knowingly.

With a mighty downward sweep of its wings it rose and took its oblivious charge.....

up and over.





## SCHOOLS OF CRIME

by Frederica Martin

A Jewish friend of mine once told me that the mob called the jail-house 'the school'. I understand very well now what he meant.

Prison is the place where you learn how to do crime. You are taught a way of life - "crimes pay". Yes, I have seen non-criminals gradually become criminals.

I have learned that since I look good and I have an education I can become a high class prostitute.

I have seen Madames pick their girls in the joint especially the young ones.

I have learned to forge cheques and use stolen credit cards; the bigger the city the easier it is to defraud. It brings fast money.

I have learned that 'Bank Robberies' are a strong sensation, like an orgasm. And that in a matter of minutes you have a lot of money.

I have met in prison most dope connections of an international level.

I have learned to inject heroin and get a habit in the joint.

"I've seen the needle take another man",

I have seen people slashing. Loneliness, lack of attention, emotions do it.

I have seen that the cure for all emotional ills is a daily portion of largactil.

I have learned to play games, because if you are real and

honest, they can't handle it.

I have learned to cope with people but to distrust them.

I have seen matrons power-tripping because of their lack of security and insights.

I have learned to put up with them by not talking to them and being indifferent.

I have seen the authority cornered, passing the buck to each other and finally leaving you with the problem.

I have seen that the penal system is a farce since most convicts come back.

I have learned that politics are behind everything. That judges are not fair, that lawyers are crooked and that the police put a lot of pressure on certain people because of personal reasons.

I have seen pay-offs and deals between the lawyer and the crown prosecutor: "Let this one free and I will let you convict those two."

I have learned to endure the screams of the lunatics and the hysterics at night when I go to sleep.

I have learned to talk and listen to people that, on the outside, I would never have associated with.

I have learned to be without the contact and spontaneity of my beloved son.

I have learned to live with the picture of my husband which is no replica for his presence.

I have learned to dig a woman instead of making love to myself.



I have seen hair in my food.

I have seen total injustice with the white collar crime.

I have seen half of the world as criminals and getting away with it.

I have learned that if you are careful, have a good front, use no hard drugs, you can make it in crime.

I have learned that rehabilitation is very personal.....

.....and I see that prison is no reform.

#### CANADA'S FORGOTTEN WOMEN.....

There will be no University courses at the Prison for Women this year.

Correspondence only will be offered. The reason is lack of money, we are told.

Mr. Allmand, our Solicitor General, seems to continue to treat the women in his penitentiary system as second-class citizens.

It appears that all the reports, Swackhammer and Vantour are an example, have been neglected by the minister.

I suggest that the women who are interested in continuing education file grievance forms against the Solicitor General's department accusing him of discrimination against females.

For years we have been the "forgotten women" and it is time we asserted our feelings on this matter strongly.

We have been discriminated against in every area. We are deprived of a psychiatric unit; we are deprived of an annex for minimum security and pre-release programs.

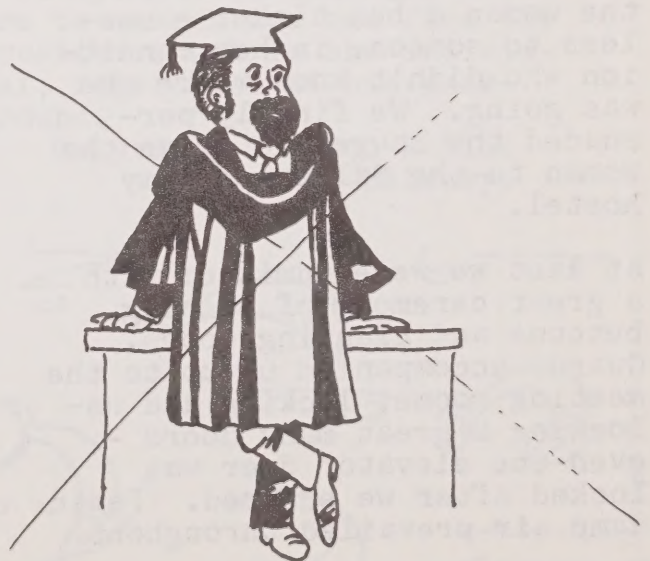
Our living areas are a disgrace. Badly needed repairs have been neglected for years. We continue to receive empty promises.

Trades and education are visibly poor and now they are to be cutback.

As a past member of the inmate committee I met with the minister last June. He was questioned by the inmate committee about these grievances. He expressed his "unawareness" in our second class treatment and led us to believe he would give it his attention.

It is obvious to me they were empty words. I feel the Solicitor General of Canada is negligent in his treatment of federal female inmates.

N.W.A.





## WOMEN IN TORONTO JAIL

### Excerpt From Ontario Library Review

Eva Martin, Librarian at the Parliament Street Library accompanied members of the Elizabeth Fry Society to the Toronto (Don) Jail. The purpose of her visit was to give a talk to the female inmates about the community services offered by the Parliament Library, Library House and Neighbourhood Information Post. The following is her story of that visit - printed with the permission of the Toronto Public Library...

It was a soul-scourging experience. Not only was it pouring rain, but as our group waited outside until everyone arrived we were approached by a very drunk woman begging for help. She had come to the jail because she thought she could get a bed for the night there.

Her pleas were ignored by the guard in his cage by the door, who also refused to look up the addresses of some of the hostels in the phone book for us. A "smart" young lawyer offered the woman a bus ticket - useless to someone in her condition who didn't know where she was going. We finally persuaded the lawyer to drive the woman to the Salvation Army hostel.

At last we were admitted with a great ceremony of pushing buttons and clanging doors. Guards accompanied us up to the meeting rooms, locking and unlocking a great many doors - even the elevator door was locked after we entered. Fetid damp air prevailed throughout

the building. Many of the small rooms were thick with stale smoke.

We were finally ushered into the "recreation" room. The Elizabeth Fry Society provided coffee and soft drinks, peanuts, potato chips and cookies. About fifteen women were "led" into the room by three hefty women guards who remained by the door throughout the program.

Food was passed around and it was pathetic to see how it was grabbed and devoured by the inmates. I suppose because it had taste and texture absent from the daily prison fare.

Six of the prisoners were waiting deportation to the U.S. on charges of illegal entry and prostitution. They were hardened criminals and interested only in relating their experiences prior to pickup by the police - all very enlightening.

Three or four women were native Canadian Indians or Chinese, were in their late teens and were "in" on various drug charges, and the others were Anglo-Saxons charged with anything from possession of stolen goods to forgery to armed robbery and murder. Over half of the inmates were over 30 years of age.

One woman exclaimed: "Oh, I used to go to the Library House with my boy friend to watch television." She was in jail because she murdered said boy friend!



Another woman had been part of an Eaton's charge account swindle, the rest of the gang served brief sentences and pointed the finger of blame at her. Hence she received the longest sentence, and was awaiting transportation to Kingston. She was four months pregnant.

Another inmate had "borrowed" a rented car for four days and had been charged with theft and would have to serve an 18 month jail term. She had a five month old child. All of the women were very talkative with the exception of two who were exceedingly withdrawn.

Faced with such a mixture of personality and background, I felt at a loss to make our middle class institution relevant to these women. In the first place, it was difficult to concentrate when so many of the inmates sat fondling each other. All of them seemed to be craving for affection.

Also, the atmosphere was sterile and there were the ever-present guards who though they seemed pleasant enough did not mingle with the inmates. I tried to make them aware of the variety of services provided by the library, especially the kinds of community information and referral, and in the middle of the talk wone girl burst out: "If you are from the library, why didn't you bring any books?"

Out of this remark evolved a lengthy discussion of the kinds of books they wanted to read. Apparently the women have nothing to do, only two of them had jobs cleaning jail offices. The others lounged about and smoked. They

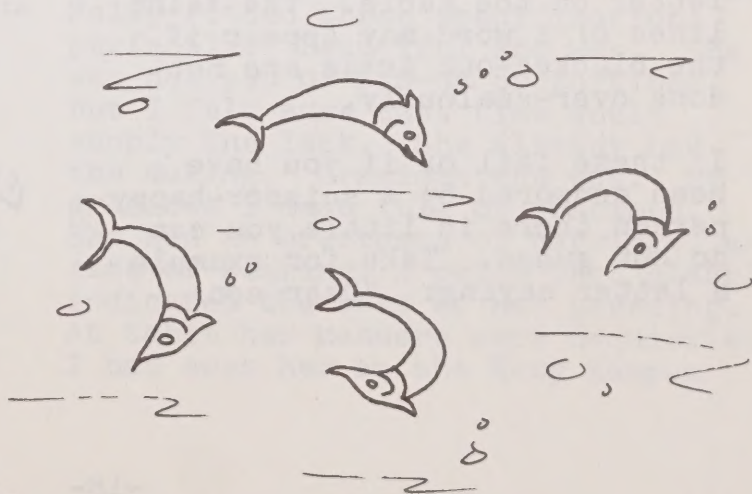
complained that the jail library contained only war stories and material of interest only to men. They expressed a desire for love stories, books on sex, on health and homemaking.

The following day I contacted the official who is in charge of women and she firmly denounced the idea that there was any need for special materials for the women. She said there was a whole cartload of paper-backs, and that they never asked for anything and therefore couldn't expect to get anything. Apparently publishers often send cartons of books but they are mainly duplicate titles and there may be only two or three individual titles.

There seemed to me to be a complete hopelessness and despair. One does not expect a correctional institution to offer all the comforts of home, but it could offer at least some possibilities for self-improvement and creative endeavour.

As we ldft in the drenching rain, I felt most depressed by the vindictiveness of our society and our communal failure to search for and find the creative spark in the individual, regardless of his background.

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## "BEWARE BIG BROTHER"

By Nancy Ward-Armour

If you have never been an inmate anywhere or anytime, then you should take heed as the Canadian Police Commission wants the federal government to permit them to intercept and inspect your mail.

That's right censorship for Canada the Free. Most inmates have received mail at one time or another with either pieces cut out of their letter or heavy black ink applied so thoroughly that the letter is impossible to decipher.

The inmate in many (if not all) Canadian Federal Prisons no longer have this type of censorship. But now the Police want it for their citizens.

To help you decipher your future tampered with mail I have generously decided to help you with some tricks that may "beat the black pen."

Rub bar soap over the blacked out areas and iron the letter. If you are lucky, the words will pop into view despite "Big Brothers" protective pen.

If your eyesight is super good you can put a lamp under a glass coffee table and put the letter on the table. The faint lines of a word may appear if the blacked-out areas are not done over-zealously.

If these fail or if you have been censored by a scissor-happy person there is little you can do but guess. Take for example a letter saying: "Dear son;

Granny and I have just blanked in blank." An alert reader will take all the possible words that could fit into the gaping holes.

(1) "Granny and I have just been busted in Moscow."

(2) "Granny and I have just been visiting in Cuba."

(3) "Granny and I have just been wounded in action."

(4) "Granny and I have just been protesting in Ottawa."

(5) "Granny and I have just been declared insurgents."

Other possible means of beating "Big Brother" are, start collecting passenger pigeons. Maybe it is time these feathery creatures came back in action.

Overseas mail can again be placed in bottles and tossed to the waves. Mail from England can be baked inside the traditional Plum Pudding.

Letters can be hidden in the lining of suitcases and sent anywhere in Canada via bus express.

Everyone should become a ham-radio operator. As a last resort you could have your mail sent via Tightwire as we have been granted non-censorship by an enlightened director.





## LOVE IS A FALLACY

Cool was I and logical. Keen, calculating, perspicacious, acute and astute--I was all of these. My brain was as powerful as a dynamo, as precise as a chemist's scales, as penetrating as a scaple. And--think of it!--I was only eighteen. It is not often that one so young has such a giant intellect. Take, for example, Petey Burch my roommate at the university of minnesota. Same age, same background but dumb as an ox. Anice enough fellow, you understand, but nothing upstairs. Emotional type. Unstable. Impressionable. Worst of all a faddist. Fads, I submit, are the very negation of reason. To be swept up in every new craze that comes along, to surrender yourself to idiocy just because everybody else is doing it--this--to me, is the acme of mindlessness. Not, however, to Petey. One afternoon I found Petey lying on his bed with an expression of such distress on his face that I immediately diagnosed appendicitis. "Don't move," I said, "Don't take a laxative. I'll getta doctor." "Raccon", he mumbled thickly. "Raccoon?" I said, pausing in my flight. "I want a raccon coat", he wailed. I perceived that his trouble was not physical, but mental. "Why do you want a raccoon coat?" I should have known thay'd come back when the charleston came back. Like a fool I spent all my money for textbooks, and now I can't get a raccoon coat." "Can you mean", I said incredulously, "that people are actually wearing raccoon coats again?" "All the big men on Campus are wearing them. Where've you been?" "In the library", I said, "naming a place not frequented by Big Men on Campus. He leaped from the bed and paced the room. "I've

got to have a raccoon coat", he said passionately. "I've got to!" Petey why? Look at it rationally. Raccoon coats are unsanitary. They---." "You don't understand", he interrupted impatiently. "It's the thing to do. Don't you want to be in the swim?" "No." I said truthfully. "Well I do", he declared. "I'd give anything for a raccoon coat." Anything! My brain, that precision instrument, slipped into high gear. "Anything?" I asked, looking at him narrowly. "Anything", he affirmed in ringing tones. I stroked my chin thoughtfully. It so happened that I knew where to get my hands on a raccoon coat. My father had had one in his undergraduate days; it lay now in the trunk in the attic back room. It also happened that Petey had something that I wanted. He didn't have it exactly, but at least he had first rights on it. I refer to his girl, Polly Espy.

I had long coveted Polly Espy. Let me emphasize that my desire for this young woman was not emotional in nature. She was, to be sure, a girl who excited the emotions, but I was not one to let my heart go to my head. I wanted Polly for a shrewdly calculated, entirely cerebral reason. I was a freshman in law school. In a few years I would be out in practice. I was well aware of the importance of the right kind of wife in furthering a lawyer's career. The successful lawyers I had observed were, almost without exception, married to beautiful, gracious, intelligent women. With one omission Polly fitted these specifications perfectly. Beautiful she was. She was not yet of pin-up proportions, but I felt sure that time would supply the lack. She already had the making. Gracious she was. By gracious I mean full of gracious. She had an erectness of carriage, an ease of bearing, a poise that clearly indicated the best of her breeding. At table her manners were exquisite. I had seen her at the Kozy Kampus



Korner eating the specialty of the house--a sandwich--that contained scraps of pot roast, gravy, chopped nuts and a dipper of sauerkraut--without even getting her fingers moist. Intelligent she was not. In fact, she veered in the opposite direction, but I believed that under my guidance she would smarten up. At any rate, it was worth a try. It is, after all, easy to make a beautiful, dumb girl smart then to make an ugly smart girl beautiful.

"Petey I said, are you in love with Polly Espy?" "I think she's a keen kid", he replied, "but I don't know if you'd call it love. Why?" "Do you", I asked have any kind of formal arrangement with her? I mean are you going steady or anything like that?" "No, we see each other quite a bit, but we both have other dates. Why?" "Is there", I asked, "any other man that she has a particular fondness?" "Not that I know of. Why?" I nodded with satisfaction. "In other words, if you were out of the picture, the field would be open. Is that right?" "I guess so. What are you getting at?" "Nothing, nothing", I said innocently and took my suitcase out of the closet. "Where are you going?" asked Petey. "Home for the weekend." I threw a few things in the bag. "Listen",

he said, clutching my arm eagerly, "while you're home, you couldn't get some money from your old man, could you, and lend it to me so I can buy a raccoon coat?" "I may do better than that", I said with a mysterious wink and closed my bag and left. "Look", I said to Petey when I got back Monday morning. I threw open the suitcase and revealed the huge, hairy, gamy object that my father had worn in his Stutz Bearcat in 1925.

"Holy Toledo!" said Petey reverently. He plunged his hands into the raccoon coat and then his face. "Holy Toledo!" he repeated

fifteen or twenty times. "Would you like it?" I asked. "Oh yes!" he cried, clutching the greasy pelt to him. Then a canny look came into his eyes. "What do you want for it?" "Your girl", I said mincing no words. "Polly?" he said in a horrified whisper. "You want Polly?" "That's right." He flung the coat from him. "Never", he said stoutly. I shrugged. "Okay. If you don't want to be in the swim, I guess it's your business." I sat down in a chair and pretended to read a book, but out of the corner of my eye I kept watching Petey. He was a torn man. First, he looked at the coat with the expression of a waif at a bakery window. Then he turned away and set his jaw resolutely.-----Then he looked back at the coat with even more longing in his face. Then, he turned away but with not so much resolution this time. Back and forth his head swivelled, desire waxing, resolution waning. Finally he didn't turn away at all; he just stood there and stared with mad lust at the coat. "It isn't as though I was in love with Polly", he said thickly, "or going steady or anything like that." "That's right", I murmured. "What's Polly to me, or me to Polly?" "Not a thing", said I. "It's just been a casual kick--just a few laughs, that's all." "Try on the coat", said I. He complied. The coat bunched high over his ears and dropped all the way down to his shoe tops. He looked like a mound of dead raccoons. "Fits fine", he said happily. I rose from my chair. "It's a deal?" I asked extending my hand. He swallowed. "It's a deal", he said and shook my hand. I had my first date with Polly the following evening. This was in the nature of a survey; I wanted to find out just how much work I had to do to get her mind up to the standard I required. I took her first to dinner. "Gee, that was a delish dinner", she said as we left the restaurant. Then I took her to a movie. "Gee, that was a marvy movie", she said as we left the



theater. And then I took her home. "Gee, I had a sensaysh time", she said as she bade me goodnight. I went back to my room with a heavy heart. I had gravely underestimated the size of my task. This girl's lack of information was terrifying. Nor would it be merely enough to supply her with information. First, she had to be taught to think. This loomed as a project of no small dimensions, and at first I was tempted to give her back to Petey. But then I got to thinking about her abundant physical charms and about the way she entered a room and the way she handled a knife and fork, and I decided to make the effort.

I went about it, as in all things, systematically. I gave her a course in logic. It happened that I, as a law student, was taking a course in logic myself, so I had all the facts at my fingertips. "Polly", I said to her when I picked her up on our next date, "tonight we are going over to the Knoll and talk." "Oo, Terrif", she replied. One thing I will say for this girl: you would go far to find one so agreeable. We went to the Knoll, the campus trysting place and we sat down under an old oak, and she looked at me expectantly. "What are we going to talk about?" she asked. "Logic." She thought this over for a minute and decided she liked it. "Magnif", she said. "Logic", I said, clearing my throat, "is the science of thinking. Before we think correctly, we must learn to-----recognize the common fallacies of logic. These will take up tonight." "Wow-dow!" she she cried, clapping her hands---delightedly. I winced, but went bravely on. "First let us examine the fallacy called Dicto Simpliciter." "By all means", she urged, batting her lashes

eagerly. "Dicto Simpliciter means an argument based on an unqualified generalization. For example? Exercise is good. Therefore everybody should exercise." "I agree", said Polly earnestly. "I mean exercise is wonderful. I mean it builds the body and everything." "Polly", I said gently, "the argument is a fallacy. Exercise is good is an unqualified generalization. For instance, is you have heart disease, exercise is bad, not good. Many people are ordered by their doctors not to exercise. You must say exercise is usually good, or exercise is good for most people. Otherwise you have committed a Dicto Simpliciter. Do you see?" "No", she confessed. "But this is marvy. Do more! Do More!" "It will be better is you stop tugging at my sleeve", I told her, and when she desisted, I continued. "Next we take up a fallacy called hasty generalization. Listen----carefully: You can't speak French. I can't speak French. Petey--Burch can't speak French. I must therefore conclude that nobody at the University of Minnesota can speak French." "Really?" said Polly, amazed. "Nobody?" I hid my exasperation. "Polly, it's a fallacy. The generalization is reached too hastily. There are too few instances to support such a conclusion." "Kow any more Fallacies?" she asked breathlessly. "This is more fun then dancing even." I fought off a wave of despair. I was getting nowhere with this girl absolutely nowhere. Still, I am nothing if not persistent. I continued. "Next comes, Post Hoc. Listen to this: Let's not take Bill on our picnic. Everytime we take him with us, it rains." "I know somebody just like that", she exclaimed. "A girl back home--Eula Baker, her name is. It never fails. Every single time we take her on a picnic--" "Polly", I said sharply, "it's a fallacy. Eula Baker doesn't cause the rain. She has no connection with the rain. You are guilty



of Post Hoc if you blame Eula Baker." "I'll never do it again", she promised contritely. "Are you mad at me?" I sighed deeply. "No, Polly, I'm not mad." "Then tell me some more fallacies." "All right. Let's try Contradictory Premises: If God can do anything, can He make a stone so heavy that He won't be able to lift it?" "Of course", she replied promptly. "But if He can do anything, He can't lift the stone", I pointed out. "Yeah", she said thoughtfully. "Well, then I guess He can't make the stone." "But He can do anything", I reminded her. She scratched her pretty empty head. "I'm all confused", she admitted. "Of course you are. Because when the premises of an argument contradict each other, there can be no argument. If there is an immovable object, there can be no irresistible force. Get it?" "Tell me some more of this keen stuff", she said eagerly. I consulted my watch. "I think we'd better call it a night. I'll take you home now, and you go over all the things you've learned. We'll have another session tomorrow night." I deposited her at the girl's dormitory, where she assured me that she had had a perfectly terrific evening and I went glumly home to my room. Petey lay snoring in his bed, the raccoon coat huddled like a great hairy beast at his feet. For a moment I considered waking him and telling him he could have his girl back. It seemed that my project was doomed to failure. The girl simply had a logic-proof head. But then I reconsidered. I had wasted one evening; I might as well waste another. Who knew? Maybe somewhere in the extinct crater of her mind, a few embers still smoldered. Maybe somehow I could fan them into flame. Admittedly it was not a prospect fraught with hope, but I decided to give it one more try. Seated under the Oak the next evening I

said, "our first fallacy tonight is called Ad Misericordiam." She quivered with delight. "Listen closely", I said, "Aman applies for a job. When the boss asks him what his qualifications are, he replies, that he has a wife and six children at home, the wife is a helpless cripple, the children have nothing to eat, no clothes to wear, no coal in the cellar, and winter is coming." A tear rolled down each of Polly's pink cheeks. "Oh, this is Awful, Awful", she sobbed.

"Yes, it's awful", I agreed, "but it's no argument. The man never answered the boss's question about his qualifications. Instead he appealed to his boss's sympathy. He committed the fallacy of Ad Misericordiam. Do you understand?" "Have you got a hankkerchief?" she blubbered. I handed her a handkerchief and tried to keep from screaming while she wiped her eyes. "Next", I said in a carefully controlled tone, "we will discuss False Analogy. Here is an example: Students should be allowed to look at their books during examinations. After all, surgeons have Xrays to guide them during an operation, lawyers have briefs to guide them during a trial, carpenters have blueprints to guide them when they are building a house. Why, then, shouldn't be allowed to look at their texybooks during an examination?" "There now", she said enthusiastically, "is the most marvy idea I've heard in years." "Polly," I said testily, "the argument is all wrong. Doctors, Lawyers, and carpenters are not taking tests to see how much they've learned, but students are. The situations are altogether different, and you can't make an analogy between them." "I still think it's a good idea", said Polly. "Nuts", I muttered. Doggedly I pressed on. "Next we'll try Hypothesis Contrary to Fact." "Sounds yummy", was Polly's reaction. "Listen: if Madame Curie had not happened to leave a photographic plate in a drawer with a chunk of pitchblende, the world today would not know about radium." "True,



True", said Polly, nodding her head. "Did you see the movie? Oh, it just knocked me out. That Walter Pidgeon is so dreamy. I mean he fractures me. They ought to put Walter Pidgeon in more pictures. I hardly see him anymore", said Polly. One more chance I decided. But just one more. There is a limit to what flesh and blood can bear. "The next fallacy is called Poisoning the Well." "How cute!" she gurgled. "Two men are having a debate. The first one gets up and says, 'My opponent is a notorious liar. You can't believe a word that he is going to say'... ....Now, Polly, think. Think hard. What's wrong?" I watched her closely as she knit her creamy brow in concentration. Suddenly a glimmer of--intelligence--the first I had seen--came into her eyes. "It's not fair", she said with indignation. "It's not a bit fair. What chance has the second man got if the first man calls him a liar before he even starts talking?" "Right", I cried exultantly. "One hundred percent right. It's not fair. The first man had poisoned the well before anybody can drink from it."

"He has hamstrung his opponent before he could even start.... Polly, I'm proud of you." "Pshaw", she murmured, blushing with pleasure. "You see my dear, these things aren't so hard. All you have to do is concentrate. Think---examine---evaluate. Come now, let's review everything we have learned." "Fire away", she said with an airy wave of her hand. Heartened by the knowledge that Polly was not altogether a cretin, I began a long, patient review of all I had told her. Over and over and over again I cited instances, pointed out flaws, kept hammering away without letup. It was digging a tunnel. At first everything

was work, sweat and darkness. I had no idea when I would reach the light, or even if I would. But I persisted. I pounded and clawed and scraped, and finally I was rewarded. I saw a chink of light. And then the chink got bigger and the sun came pouring in and all was bright. Five grueling nights this took, but it was worth it. I had made a logician out of Polly; I had---taught her to think. My job was done. She was worthy of me at last. She was a fit wife for me, a proper hostess for my many mansions, a suitable mother for my well-heeled children. It must not be thought that I was without love for this girl. Quite the contrary. Just as Pygmalion loved the perfect woman he fashioned, so I loved mine. I determined to acquaint her with my feelings at our very next meeting. The time had come to change our relationship from academic to romantic. "Polly", I said when next we sat beneath our oak, "tonight we will not discuss fallacies." "Aw gee", she said, disappointed. "My dear", I said, favoring her with a smile, "we have now spent five evenings together. We have gotten along splendidly. It is clear that we are well matched." "Hasty Generalization", said Polly brightly. "I beg your pardon", said I. "Hasty Generalization", she repeated. "How can you say we are well matched on the basis of only five dates?" I chuckled with amusement. The dear child had learned her lessons well. I said, patting her hand in a tolerate manner, "five dates is plenty. After all, you don't have to eat a whole cake to know that it's good." "False Analogy" said Polly promptly. "I'm not a cake. I'm a girl." I chuckled with somewhat less amusement. The dear child had learned her lessons, perhaps too well. I decided to change tactics. Obviously the best approach was a simple, strong, direct declaration of love. I paused for a moment while my massive brain chose the proper words. Then I began: "Polly, I love you. You are the whole world to me, and the moon and the stars and the constellations of space."



"Please, my darling, say that you will go steady with me, for if you will not, life will be meaningless. I will languish. I will refuse my meals. I will wander the face of the earth, a shambling, hollow-eyed hulk." There, I thought, folding my arms, that ought to do it. "Ad misericordiam", said Polly. I ground my teeth. I was not Pygmalion. I was Frankstein, and my monster had me by the---throat. Frantically I fought back the tide of panic surging through me. At all costs I had to keep cool. "Well, Polly," I said, forcing a smile, "you certainly have learned your fallacies." "You're darned right" she said with a vigorous nod. "And who taught them to you, Polly?" "You did!" "That's right. So you do owe me something, don't you, my dear? If I hadn't come along you never would have learned about fallacies." "Hypothesis Contrary to Fact", she said instantly. I dashed perspiration from my brow. "Polly", I croaked, "you mustn't take all these things so literally. I mean this is just classroom stuff. You know the things you learn in scholl don't have anything to do with life." "Dicto Simpliciter", she said, wagging her finger at me playfully. That did it. I leaped to my feet, bellowing like a bull. "Will you, or will you not go steady with me?" "I will not", she replied. "Why not?" I demanded. "Because this afternoon I promised Petey Burch that I would go steady with him." I realed back, overcome with the infamy of it. After he had promised, after he made a deal, after he shook my hand! "The rat!" I shrieked, kicking up great chunks of turf. "You can't go with him, Polly. He's a liar. He's a cheat. He's a rat." "Poisoning the well", said Polly, "and stop shouting. I think shouting must be a fallacy too!" With an immense

effort of will, I modulated my voice. "All right", I said. "You're a logician. Let's look at this thing logically. How could you choose Petey Burch over me? Look at me---- a brilliant student, a tremendous intellectual. a man with an insured future. Look at Petey---a knothead, a jitterbug, a guy who'll never know where his next meal is coming from. Can you give me one logical reason why you should go steady with Petey Burch?" "I certainly can", declared Polly. "He's got a raccoon coat."

Max Shulman  
from "Joyceville  
Advance"  
Box 880  
Kingston





## REFLECTIONS

There is a sadness in the season.  
In the fields, shafts of golden wheat piled high  
A monument to summer past  
A tribute to mans endeavours,  
And a distant child dies of hunger.

There is a sadness in the season.  
Scholars take up their books  
Researchers apply their knowledge  
To produce a cure for disease,  
A young man dies in battle.

There is a sadness in the season.  
The wheels of industry grind on  
A richer life for working people  
Who give thanks to a table full spread,  
The Redman fishes from a polluted stream.

There is a sadness in the season.  
Man salutes the atomic age  
Harnessing energy for a growing world  
Progressive man has come far  
A race is ravished by something called war.

There is a sadness in the season.  
If I close my eyes your face appears  
I hear your laughter like a silver bell  
As my fingers trace the gray in your hair,  
Dying leaves remind me your not here.

\*\*\*\*\*

by Nancy Ward-Armour





REALITY

by A. G.

Looking for answers  
But finding only questions!  
Looking for happiness  
But finding only sorrow!  
Looking for love  
But finding only rejection!  
Searching soul  
But, finding it empty!





AS SUMMER DIES

Gray clouds hang ominously from the sky  
Casting a metallic coldness  
On fading summer grass  
Chilling my bones.

Summer lays in state for all to mourn  
Like a passing starlet  
Once gay and beautiful  
Too soon we forget.

Walking through withered leaves like lost jewels  
That majestically crowned  
A heart carved lovers tree  
Now barren as summer love.

Darkness creeps too early the frost chills  
I clutch a protective coat  
Snuggling in its cocoon warmth  
To warm a chilling heart.

by Nancy Ward-Armour





LEAVING

Stripping a four by eight  
of its adornments,  
the collection of knick-knacks  
that has made a cell  
your personal domain.  
The favorite posters come down  
passed on to favorite friends.  
Treasured little stands,  
hand-made  
hand-painted  
bequeathed to a new number.  
It is empty now, barren,  
a cell again.  
Is this the last time?  
In and out of hell like a revolving door  
I'm three years older now  
What are my plans?  
Get drunk, get stoned, get it on.  
Where is home I'm asked?  
Fifteen years ago I would have answered.  
Destination? the clerk asks,  
Kingston!  
Why?  
Why not!

by Nancy Ward-Armour.







## SPORTS

by April Gordon

### P4W LOSING STREAK

The Angels received a bloodbath at the hands of the Millhaven Moosettes in a one game sudden death for the playoff position in the Misfits league.

The Angels lost 12 to 1 to the first place Moosettes.

The Angels suffered from the loss of star players who made parole late in the season. Next, the team was plagued by injuries.

The games was well played by both teams but the Angels could not get their runners home.

Caryl Radcliffe was brought home by Mary-Ann Fergusson for the only Angel run of the game.

The Angels ended the season in third place with eight wins, five losses and one tie.

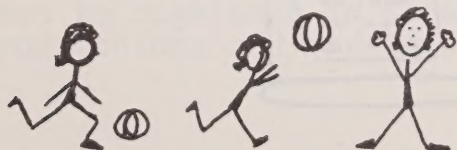
.....

Basketball season gets under way on the fifteenth.

The Angels finished second last year and lost the cup to the Inn. New recruits are now needed to build a strong team this year.

Anyone interested sign up with Kay or Claudette in the Recreation department.

If you have never played before now is the time to learn. It can be a dull winter in here so brighten it up with a bit o' sports on your agenda.



Once again the Prison for Women is losing a dedicated staff member. This time it is the recreation department.

It has been pointed out that Miss Lafrance has yet to complete a degree. Therefore, she was hired as "casual" help.

However, if a person does a good job and is willing to work towards a degree this should be taken into consideration. It is seldom we can find an athletic instructor who knows much about athletics.

Claudette has coached our baseball and basketball teams with enthusiasm and competence. She knows her business and most of all is well liked by the inmates.

Last year Miss Lafrance came into the prison to coach our basketball team without pay. We needed a coach and she did an admirable job. Is this how the system repays her?

It is the feeling of this editor and the vast majority of the inmate body who have signed petitions in hopes to have her kept on that the Prison for Women gives not a hoot in hell for the inmates, but pays tokenism to a piece of paper.

Allowances can and should be made. We lost Sister Loretta the same way. The lesson from that is evidently not learned. The boycott of the Catholic Chapel is still going on by those of us who attended mass. The prison system cares not. A man is still being paid who does not show in this prison because he has the "Required Qualifications". As long as it is on record that the job is filled is all that appears to be important.

One would think it would and should



be a case of who does the job in reality instead of on paper.

"I wonder how our basketball team will artistically pivot around the court in ballet shoes! Lay-ups will definitely be more graceful to the music of Swan Lake.

Nancy Ward-Armour  
Editor, Tightwire

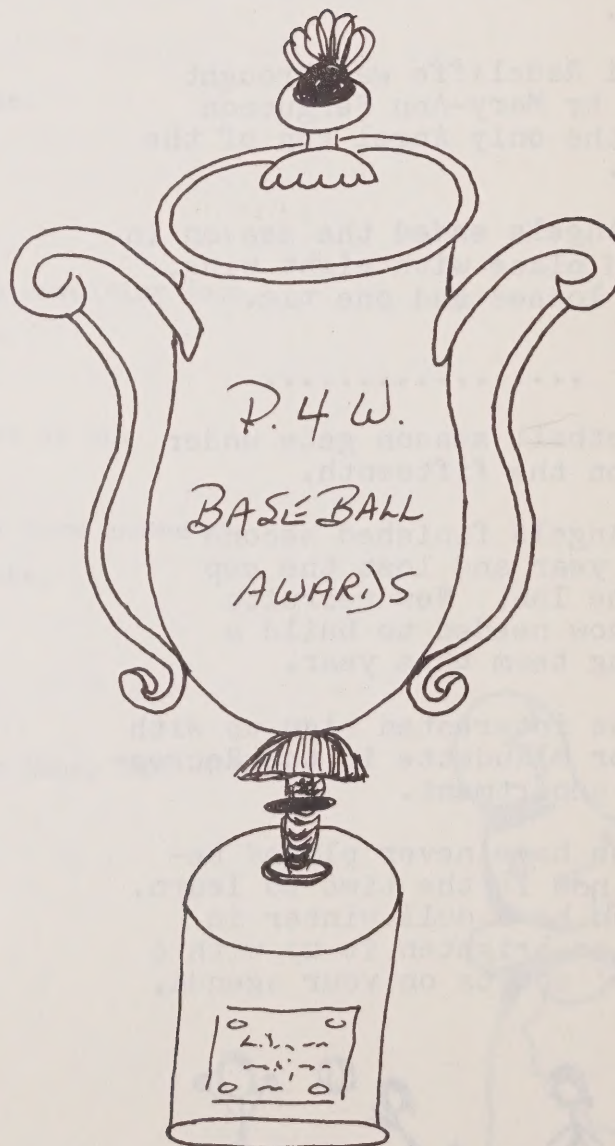
### BASEBALL AWARDS

Caryl Radcliffe, veteran short stop for the Angels, took home the coveted Most Valuable Player award at last night's Angels baseball banquet at the P4W.

Rookie of the Year was awarded to Angels pitcher, Shirley Pelon. While centre field's Diana Voss captured the cup for the Best Batting Average of the Season.

Two Best Sport awards were given out; one to captain-second baseman, Sandy MacDonnel, the other to rookie Fran Thomas.

N.W.A.





## TIGHTWIRE ASTROLOGY

by D. Frederica Martin

### SCORPIO

21 October - 22 November

Ruler: Mars and co-ruler Pluto

Attributes: Negative, fixed, feminine, violent, fertile, second of the water signs. It governs the bladder, the sexual organs and the nose. It corresponds to the eighth house in the zodiac.

Symbolizes: hidden forces, the devil, mysteries, black magic, the hidden powers of men, destruction, suicide, death, regeneration, enemies, revenge.

In the world it rules: death, inheritance, money by marriage, fundamental reforms through violence, meditation, the study of deep and difficult research, medicine and surgery.

Favorable and unfavorable aspects:

Most astrologers see you as capable of the greatest and lowest in achievements. Your magnetic personality can influence friends for good and evil, according to your motivations. Your strongest characteristics are being strong-willed, bold, self-confident, with a masterful temper displayed at the slightest provocation. When hurt your remarks leave no doubt as to how you feel and you like no one to take liberties with you. Your angry tongue has no equal in any other sign of the zodiac. You never forget a wrong and you are very revengeful; Scorpios don't go through life without having enemies. You are highly secretive and mysterious and people find it hard to understand you. Your sign is represented by the Eagle and the Snake; the Eagle meaning that you can be righteous in thoughts and actions and the Snake,

that you could be equally content as part of a corrupt underworld. You can be a passionate lover but you can also be very jealous and possessive. For you to be happy, sex and love must go hand in hand. All the intellectual companions in the world, all the kindness and courtesy in the world will never completely fulfill your needs; he has to be an exciting lover as well... Your ruler Mars gives you strength, energy and movement and your co-ruler, Pluto, is associated with the unexpected. It is often called the dark planet of mystery and represents everything that is hidden and violent. It represents, also, the mystery of birth and death. (The author is a Scorpio)

Tips on how to deal with each sign of the zodiac....

Aries: be prepared to make the first initiative towards friendship. He is arrogant so don't let him provoke you into mental and verbal fights - it satisfies his ego. Don't get indignant.

Taurus: Appreciate their material acquisitions and their comfortable living conditions. Listen to their advice and be prepared to take it. Beware of the Bull when a friendship is over.

Gemini: Never underestimate their intelligence and remember that they are very sensitive. Be aware of their mental versatility. Be prepared to go along on some of their mad adventures.

Cancer: Always be gentle, remember that they don't like jokes about themselves. Be ready to put up with their 'caprice' for they can easily change their mind at the last minute.



Leo: Get to the point in conversations, he hates repetitions.. Be aware of his strength, use flattery....Approach him with class. Remember that the lion is king.

Virgo: Approach them with reason and details; it appeals to their practical nature. To end a Virgo friendship rapidly show no interest in his work or well-being.

Libra: Use diplomacy, be intelligent, tactful and most of all courteous. Do not talk vaguely and do not remind him of his absent-mindedness. Remember that he is a lover of harmony.

Scorpio: Avoid rousing his anger, be precise and straightforward. Remember that he is fond of sensual pleasures. You have to learn to forget, but he rarely does.

Sagittarius: Discuss matters fully, if he has an opinion already on a subject it is more likely that he won't change. Don't forget that he is capable of striking at the target. He is a lover of freedom and liberty.

Capricorn: Do not forget that he is materially ambitious and very cautious. Remember that he is self-centered and likes to be flattered. He does not appeal to the emotionals and the humanitarian type of people.

Aquarius: Don't beat about the bush. He reacts through intelligence and has a blindness to adverse factors. To lose an Aquarian friend bore him.

Pisces: He reacts through instinct; to lose him show that you do not trust him. Don't call him a dreamer and be kind with him. He is sentimental.





YOU CAN HELP CHANGE LEGISLATION

British Columbia is the only province in Canada where ex-inmates are covered by the Human Rights Code. In Ontario the Human Rights Code is under review. Please help by sending this form to the commission if you feel ex-inmates should be protected by law against discrimination in housing, jobs, training, promotions or transfers.

Thank you                      Editor, Tightwire

Human Rights Commission,  
12th Floor,  
400 University Avenue,  
Toronto, Ontario

As a Canadian citizen I request that the Human Rights Code of Ontario be changed to prevent the discriminatory denial of jobs, training, promotions, transfers or housing due to a past criminal record. "Ex-prisoners are human and should be covered under the Ontario Human Rights Code"!

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
Province.....



YOU KNOW YOU'VE BEEN HERE TO LONG...WHEN.....

by Sally Lenson

1. you no longer bother to ask if you got any mail
2. you can recite every commercial on T.V.
3. the nurse no longer asks what you want when you go to the medicine barrier; she just hands it to you
4. comic books become your steady reading
5. you don't ask what's for supper....you just go
6. jeans are the only answer
7. you don't even test doors to see if they are locked; you just assume they are
8. your curling iron hasn't been out of the box for months
9. you no longer argue when it's time for lock-up
10. the Friday nite movie is a big thing
11. it takes a month to get around to answering a letter from your husband
12. you don't have to check the prices on the canteen list
13. you shrug your shoulders if someone made a mistake on your pass and you'll have to wait til the next week
14. the centrefold from Playboy looks better than the one from Play-girl
15. you get a visit and you're annoyed because you were having coffee with a friend
16. it's too much of an effort to go to the gym for a game of cards
17. you know the words to every song on the juke box
18. you no longer care if the outside door is open or not
19. it doesn't bother you to be referred to as 001
20. you take your family pictures down to make room for a poster
21. sex is something you seldom think about and don't really miss
22. visitors are touring the building and your curiosity isn't even aroused
23. you realize it's Fall and don't know what you did with the summer
24. the only time you think about seeing your C.O. is when they call you
25. you can lay in your room for hours, alone....happily







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Librarian - Rm 8001-1305T George St  
Toronto, Ont, M5S 1A5.

